THE PACIFIC

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THE SACRED HILLS.

The hills our holy Sabbath know,
  Their song a psalm;
  Behold how calm,
With strong heads raised their faith to show!

Soft folded hands befit them best,
  Souls wrapped in prayer
  Or vision fair,
Aspiring hope, abiding rest.

There is no day the ocean keeps,
  It is all change;
  Behold how strange,
It sings and dances, mocks and leaps.

Keen flashing eyes befit it best,
  Hearts throbbing high
  Nor caring why,
Sparkling motion and savage zest.

The vagrant ocean 'tis that thrills
  The heart of me;
  My soul, may be,
Belongs unto the sacred hills.

M. G. DICKINSON.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

By order of the Mayor women are to be excluded from the barrooms in Columbus, Ohio.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad has notified trainmen that they must not take meals at restaurants which have a bar.

The bank clearances in San Francisco continue as they have for many years to more than equal the combined clearances of all the other cities on the coast. For the week preceeding the writing of this note the clearances of Los Angeles, Oakland, Sacramento, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane combined did not equal those of San Francisco. It required the addition of Helena, Montana, to make them as large. It is one of the things showing that San Francisco will continue to stand as the great commercial center of the Pacific coast.

Liquor men in Ohio asked the last Legislature in that State to pass a law prohibiting the serving of free lunches by saloons, restricting them to the giving away of pretzels, crackers and cheese. This was one of the steps suggested by the liquor element toward what they call "model saloons." But now, though the law was thus requested, the saloons with their usual disposition to disregard law if it fail to work in their favor are evading the new enactment to a great extent. The action of the retail dealers in Cincinnati in voting as to whether they would observe the law shows the disposition of the liquor trade.

"The richest, the most powerful, the most intelligent and most charitable of all religions is the Parsee," writes Frank Carpenter, the world-wide traveler and newspaper correspondent, from Bombay, India. He uses these terms, he says, in comparing it with th other great religions as to the number of its members. Although there are less than one hundred thousand Parsees in the world their banks and other financial institutions are scattered throughout the East, and they are the financial kings of the country. In contrast with the Hindoos who are generally illiterate, the Parsees are universally educated. Concerning the religion of the Parsees, Mr. Carpenter writes:

"You have often heard the Parsees called worshipers of fire. In a sense they are so. They have fire always burning in their temples, but they worship it, as one of them told me, only as an emblem of the sun and as the highest visible type of the creator. It is so with all religions supposed to be purely idolatrous. Upon investigation one finds that the idols are worshiped only as the representative of a deity who creates and rules, and not as sticks and stones endowed with supernatural powers. There is no religion upon earth that does not contain beautiful truths. Otherwise it could not be believed by reasoning men nor have its followers from generation to generation. The Parsees believe in one God and in the resurrection and equality of all beings before God. They believe that this God created two spirits; one of evil and the other of good; one of light and the other of darkness. These spirits are always fighting for man's soul, and according as he favors one or the other he ascends to heaven or descends to hell. His conduct on earth determines his life after death."

Moving picture films showing hold-ups, burglaries, murders and similar kinds of crime are prohibited in some cities and will undoubtedly be universally prohibited ere long. Judge Stubbs of Indianapolis is of the opinion that all boys under 18 years should be prohibited from attending moving picture shows. He would not allow them to go even when accompanied by their parents, declaring that the boys usually see the vices in the pictures and not the virtues. The Indianapolis superintendent of police expresses the judgment that moving pictures are now the cause of far more crime than yellow-backed novels ever were or are. But the young in many places are wild to see them. One boy admitted in court recently that after seeing several moving pictures which depicted two or three daring robberies, he got the notion that he would like to be a criminal. So one night about 2 o'clock he got out of bed and after dressing and arming himself with his father's revolver, climbed through a side window and walked downtown where he was arrested. This boy was only twelve years old. In a later escapade he stole a horse, for which offense he gave the excuse that he wanted to be a cowboy like the ones in the picture show. The effect of the pictures on girls is bad also. A probation officer says: "It is a great meeting place for both boys and girls, and in company with each other they see immoral and suggestive pictures. On Sundays especially is this true. It was not long ago that I made a visit to a number of moving picture shows, and some of the pictures shown were of the worst type. One that I remember very well was called 'The Devil.' The motion pictures displayed an artist painting from a model and the devil appeared and whispered something in the artist's ear. He immediately makes love to the model and they run away. Then the wife of the artist is seen and the devil again appears and whispers something in her ear. She then runs away with a man, and in succeeding pictures the two couples are trying to keep out of each other's way. In the last scenes the artist returns home, chokes his wife to death and kills himself. This is anything but elevating for anybody, especially children." Parents who read The Pacific, if they have not already acquainted themselves with the moving picture shows their children are visiting will do well to investigate. There are more of the objectionable than of the unobjectionable kind.

LIQUOR LEAGUE TACTICS.

That the closing of the saloons decreases the sale of intoxicating drinks is beyond intelligent and successful contradiction. Statistics show less consumption of liquor wherever prohibition is a settled thing. This is not always the case, however, where the saloons have been closed only a short time and where the liquor element is expecting to have the question at issue soon again. In such circumstances there is frequently an organized and persistent effort to make the sales in the blind tigers and in other ways, both illegitimate and legitimate, as large or even larger than they were when the saloons were in existence.

It has long been one of the tricks of the liquor trade to boost the business in the territory in which the saloons had been made an outlaw. After fighting to the last ditch prohibition measures of all kinds, whether applying to the ward, the township, the county or the entire state, they turn in their hour of defeat to the cry, "Prohibition does not prohibit," and then for a time marshal every available force to make the sales pile up in such a way as to unsettle some of the weaker supporters of the temperance cause. Consistent, isnt it? But we should not expect consistency in the liquor business. Men are in it for the almighty dollar, and the pursuit of dollars works wondrous transformations and deteriorations in the lives of those who give themselves up to it.

That, accordingly, was not a surprising piece of news furnished the public recently that the consumption of liquor was larger in certain parts of Indiana for the fiscal year ending July 1st, 1910, than it was for the year ending July1, 1909. It was to be expected. It is a good campaign document for the saloon interests; with it they expect to win some votes in the next legislature in Indiana for the repeal of the county option law which has been working among them such consternation and havoc until nearly all the counties in the state have voted "dry." The saloon interests could well afford to expend a large amount of money in bringing about this increased sale or consumption—whichever it may be. They could afford to buy the liquors and pour them into the sewers secretly if by so doing they could win in the next battle in the Indiana legislature. That they have done anything like this is not here charged. Doubtless not a few persons addicted to drink in a somewhat temperate way have increased their consumption to help swell the figures. Every little helps. But how easy to buy that liquor and put it in "cold storage" for a few months—until after the next legislature in that State has had time to act.

But, inasmuch as the reported increase was merely in internal revenue collections, it remains to be shown that the consumption of liquors has actually increased in Indiana. If it should be ascertained that there has been increase in actual consumption, it would not, all things considered, be remarkable—even if in no unusual way.

The district concerning which report was made is the Indianapolis district. In it there are 59 counties. It covers about two-thirds of the state and contains about one-half of the "wet" territory, which is confined to 13 of the counties in the district.

The official figures for the year are, as to whiskey $9,417,135.73. This is an increase of $423,782.78 over the figures of the previous year. As to beer the figures were $638.199.50 for the year ending July 1, 1910; for the previous year, $639,214—a decrease of $1,014.50.

Inasmuch as this territory contains the largest city in the state and about one-half of the "wet" territory, this cannot be regarded as a remarkable showing, even if it had come without any effort on the part of the saloon interests. And whatever of the remarkable there may seem to be in it is lessened by the knowledge of the fact that many of the saloons ousted by the county option law were in business a part of the fiscal year for which report is made.

Furthermore, it must be taken into consideration that a large percentage of the spirituous liquors manufactured in Indiana are not consumed in the state. The distilleries at Hammond, for instance, ship very largely to Chicago. Therefore the internal revenue reports cannot be taken as a measure of the amount consumed in the state, but only of the amount manufactured. Accordingly the papers heralding this increase to the public as an argument against prohibitive measures have been a little "too previous."

But whatever the showing this year or next year, or any year in the future, what the anti-saloon forces in Indiana plan to do is to stand unflinchingly in the fight. The county option law has put 989 saloons out of business; previous to the enactment of this measure 1,207 had been closed by the township and ward remonstrance law. The state is better because of it in every way. In the towns and cities all over the state wives and children are better fed and better clothed, and there has been happiness in thousands of homes because the open saloon has not been lining the streets of the towns and cities and tempting men by its many strong enticements, and daily creating in the youth of the state the appetite for strong drink.

Liquor is being sold in "dry" territory everywhere, and it will continue to be sold. Let men who will have it get it as best they may and blight their own and other lives if they will, but as for the friends of temperance they should reason soberly and soundly and stand as those who hear the drum-beat of victory. The temperance wave of these recent years will not recede as such waves have in the past, though the brewers say that it will. Conditions are different. The temperance sentiment of the present age stands on a different basis from that of the past. The saloon is going; and it will continue to go until it no longer curses our land. Men will drink long after the saloon has ceased to exist, but as a nation we will not then be in the business of manufacturing drunkards.

THE FRUITS OF EFFEMINACY.

By the Rev. J. H. Jowett.

"Now the sons of Eli were the sons of Belial."—1 Samuel ii, 12.

That is a most startling conjunction, an anthithesis apparently violent and unnatural. "The sons of Eli," sons of the priest of the Lord, the man who moved in the holy place as the ordained minister of God! "The sons of Eli," lads who had been reared in the Temple, who had rubbed up against religion from their infancy, in whose lives the sound of worship had been rarely absent, who had awakened in the morning to the sound of the silver trumpet, and who had often lain down at night with the vesper music murmuring in their ears! "The sons of Eli," who every day had seen the saints of the Lord approach the altar with their sacrifices, bowing in holy praise

and prayer, and their faces transfigured with the glory of the Highest! These sons of Eli were "sons of Belial," sons of worthlessness, sons of abyssmal wickedness, sons of hopeless ruin! That is a conjunction which often startles us into wondering and frozen silence. How is it that the dove can contract defilement amid the whiteness of the virgin snow?

"The sons of Eli!" Yes, but what about Eli? Let us try to understand the man. Eli was a kindly man, a man of even and unruffled disposition. Nothing disturbed his equanimity. He moved about the Temple precincts at a most leisurely pace. He was soft spoken or taciturn, calm in the midst of common excitement, sanguine in the midst of common depression. It was a frequent saying about Eli that "he was always the same." "never put out," and that if the Temple were to take fire he would not quicken his pace, but would move about with unbroken serenity.

But now I must add a limiting word to the descriptive word already used. Eli was kindly, but the kindness was effeminate. In dealing with Eli you never ran up against rock. You always found him genial, but by no manner of chance did you find him burning. In his presence you always basked in sweet light; you were never dismayed by terrible lightning. You could always play with Eli; you were never made to stand at a distance while out of the vine-clad slopes there poured rivers of sacred fire. There was nothing austere about him, nothing severe. His kindliness was soft as moss, and you never felt the presence of the granite. You were always sure of the velvet glove; you never experienced the grip of a hand which could fetch blood.

Now it is perfectly clear to me that this effeminate kindliness resulted from his holding the conception of a lax and effeminate God. You will seek in vain for any evidence of holy awe. There was no sense of troubled wonder when he knew that the Lord was about in the dark hours of that eventful night. There was not reverence enough in his soul to make him get out of bed and fall on his worshipping knees. And therefore Eli had the most inadequate sense of the Divine antagonism to sin. Eli's God was a kind God, but not incorruptibly holy. And if our feeling of God's holiness is dull and dim, our perception of His antagonism to the unholy will be blunt and insensitive. One is consequent upon the other. Eli had not realized the unsullied radiance of "the uncreated beam," and therefore he had no adequate sense of the Divine enmity against every form of sin.

And therefore, again, Eli did not share the Divine repulsion and revulsion against sin. I think this is clearly seen in the narrative before us. These sons had become the bondslaves of carnal greed. It is clear to me that Eli was in the same servitude. He reproves their sensuality, but not their avarice. His spiritual ideal makes hnm mildly recoil from lust, but not from common greed. No, the holiness of the Lord was dimmed, and therefore Eli's moral sense was not finely acute. His God was genially kind, but not gloriously holy, and so his soul lived its days in soft twilight, and not in the burning rays of an awful spiritual noon.

Now let us mark the practical consequences of this. Eli's character was unimpressive. There was no force about it, no mighty rectitude, nothing inevitable, nothing irresistible. It did not mould, but was moulded; it did not determine circumstances, but was determined by them. He did not command circumstances to obey his own initiative and coerce them to carry him to his desired haven. This is further evidenced in his uninfluential reproofs. When he reproved his lads there was nothing forceful and awaking in his speech. His anger was harmless sheet lightning; there was nothing forked in his resentment. "Why do ye such things? For I hear of your evil deal ings by all this people? No, my sons, it is no good report that I hear." There is nothing there as from a catapult! There is nothing going as with the impact which is born of holy passion. There is no fire in it, no Divine austerity, no holy repulsion. There is no piercing yet medicated resentment. The salt has no savor, and it is therefore no preventative against personal and domestic putridity. And so it is not much to be wondered at that "the sons of Eli were the sons of Belial." They "did not know God." The Divine holiness had not been expressed before them by the father whose very vocation made him busy about the holy place. They had no reverence for God. They had no veneration for their father. They had no respect for their fellows. They had no fine regard for themselves. They were not afraid of God, because there was nothing in God to fear. They interpreted the Lord through the father who represented Him, kindly, lax, and tolerant. And it would be time enough to deal with Him when the appetites of the immediate feast were satisfied, and when life's candle was smouldering down at the close of the day! And so it happened that these lads had much to do with religion, but they were not religious.

Now has all this no pertinency for our own day? I want to ask you to consider whether in our modern religious life there is not a conspicuous lack of noble austerity? There is more soft kindliness than stately holiness, more compromising indulgence than incorruptible honor. There is a lack of a great, fine gentlemanliness in man, and of a great, fine womanliness in woman. So many Christians are kind but not strong, genial but not clean, indulgent but not holy. Our leniency is not the fine fruit of piety, it is the poisonous fungus of fatigue. We have lost something of the imposing spiritual dignity which was one of the great characteristics of the Puritans. I would rather have their narrow cleanness than our self-indulgent breadth. I would rather enter into life maimed, with only one hand, one foot, one eye, than have two hands, two feet, two eyes cast into the hell of sacrilegious laxity. Even some of our most popular catchwords are by no means redeemed from the besetting effeminacy of our time. "Back to Christ!" Yes, but let us go back not only to the kindly Christ, the pitiful Christ, the good-natured Christ, but to the holy Christ, who lived and worked and died that He might redeem us from sin. The biggest thing in the Christ, the thing which separates Him from you and me, is His eternal and burning antagonism to all sin. And it is high time that His own Church and His own individual followers should be dominated by His holy passion. The water of life that He gives has real iron in it, an element of holy and sanctifying vigor. We must set sterner limits to our liberty. There must be seasons when we become inflexible as granite. There are times when we ought to bruise rather than to yield, to wound our loved ones by our antagonism rather than to wound them more deep-

ly by our compliance in their sin. We must learn to say "No," and to say it in the uncompromising spirit of the Lord.

THE CONSTITUTIONS AND GOVERNMENTS OF TWO PECULIAR LITTLE REPUBLICS OF EUROPE.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

Every American knows of France and Switzerland and has compared their respective governments with that of his own country, in which comparison he has learned that France is an example of a highly centralized republic, Switzerland an example of a highly popularized one while his own country holds an intermediate position as being an example of a federal republic based on an extended representative scheme; but every American does not know that there are two other republics in Europe of diminutive size, to be sure and yet because of their peculiarities in physical characteristics and in their constitutional and governmental forms, some of which are survivals of an earlier age, they afford much material for earnest, interesting study. These Republics are Andorra and San Marino, and they will be here separately described.

Andorra is situated high up upon a small plateau in the Pyrenees mountains, towards the southeast termination of the range. On the French side of the range, opposite Andorra, is the Department of Aviega and on the Spanish side is the province of Lerida. The plateau is much larger than the Republic, the former having an extent of 600 square miles and the latter of only 175 with a population which is estimated will reach at the census of 1911 eight thousand. The Republic consists of three valleys of the six which form the plateau. It is shut in on all sides but one by lofty mountains, and this direction is toward Spain. From the lofty snow-clad mountains the river Embaline or Balira flows through the pass into the Segre and this into the Ebro. These valleys are extremely fertile and though from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level are capable of producing the fruits of the Temperate zone. The people are largely engaged, however, as workers in iron and lead mines, for which the mountains here are famous. The language in use among the peasants is a dialect of Castilian.

The Republic had a romantic origin. In 805 Louis Debonnaire was on his way to besiege Urgel, which lies on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, just beneath Andorra, and he stopped a little time at this town conveniently on the road, and the inhabitants enthusiastically supported his cause by a contingent of robust men of the mountains. The pleased monarch as a token of his regard conferred on them a charter or constitution that gave the Andorrans a practically free and independent government, the shadowy allegiance which the people were supposed to owe having little binding force. When Louis became Emperor, he conferred half of the tithes of Andorra on the Bishop of Urgel, in whose see or bishoprick Andorra was placed, and the other half was given to the Count of Foix, which later reverted to the crown of France. Now in neither case did the right of collecting tithes confer any political sovereignty. In 1278 it was settled that Andorra should pay France annually 950 francs, a little over $180, and to the Bishop of Urgel 450 francs, a little over $85, and the plan has continued up to the present day.

Andorra is governed by a council of twenty-four, elected by householder suffrage; that is each head of a house has a vote, but no man has a vote until he marries and becomes a householder. The executive consists of a Syndic General assisted by two inferior Syndics, all three elected by the national council. Two military generals, one nominated by France and one by the Bishop of Urgel, govern an army of 600 men, which army appears insignificant, but when it is understood that these 600 robust men placed at the only practicable ingress to the plateau might defy an army of several hundred thousand of men, as did Leonidas and his famous Spartan band at the pass of Thermopylae, then the number does not look so insignificant. These two Generals, or Provosts, have also judicial powers in criminal cases, in which they decide according to their judgment and conscience, and there is no appeal. Here we have a survival of the judicial forms of trial in vogue among the ancient Greeks and Romans, entirely innocent of juries and wrangling lawyers. Civil cases are tried before one or other of two aldermen, appointed by the Generals or Provosts respectively; but an appeal can be taken to a court of two judges, one appointed by France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel.

The people are all Roman Catholics and are strict attendants at mass and vespers, yet their co-religionists of France on the one hand and Spain on the other accuse them of being accomplished smugglers, but whether this be so or not, the little Republic had an opportunity a few years ago of becoming immensely rich. A large syndicate offered the nation a princely yearly revenue to make of it a Gambling Hell and the tempting offer was rejected and the gaming tables went to Monaco.

Almost every country of Europe has a legend of some town of the earlier centuries of the Christian era, sinking out of sight and reappearing again at stated periods, showing exactly the appearance, the very life and daily conduct of the people when the town disappeared. Of such a legend, Friedrich Gerstaecker has made much in his admirable novel "Germelshausen," the name of a town, which town is represented as arising from a swamp about 1842 with all the characteristics it possessed in the 13th century, and after remaining a day in the upper world, sinking again to the under world for another century. But we do not need to resort to legend to create a Germelshausen or even to unearth a Pompeii to know how people of former days lived, for we have a Germelshausen in the capital of this little mountain Republic, and indeed the illusion of rising out of the ground is well preserved, as one rides into the valley from Urgel in Spain. This city of the same name as the Republic has a population of 2,000, and their customs and manners have experienced no change for several hundred years. The common people live in the same kind of houses as their ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Of the more pretentious buildings, there are two which may be called public, the cathedral and the palace. The cathedral was built in the 14th century and the palace in the 15th. This latter building is quaint, indeed. The second story has a council room, a court room, a public school room, a prison, but the ground floor is divided into a series of stables in which the various officers of the government keep their

horses, for Andorra is innocent of railroads of any kind. The houses of even the rich are built of slate rock and for this reason from a distance the city presents an old, weather-beaten appearance, much as Gerstaecker describes Germelshausen.

San Marino is situated amid labyrinths of rocks in the Apennines in latitude 44 degrees, just 13 miles west of the important Italian city of Rimini. Some portions of the Republic are situated on the very summits of almost perpendicular rocks, to which a road here or there, hewn out of the rock, leads. The area of the Republic is only 36 square miles, but the population is almost 9,000, being more densely populated than Andorra. This population is spread over five valleys—Serravalle, Faetano, Monte Giardino, Lower San Marino, Upper San Marino. The Republic had its origin in the 3rd century, when Marinus, a converted stone-mason of Rimini, fled to the mountains to escape the terrible persecution inaugurated by the Emperor Diocletian. Here Marinus was joined by other Christians until the little commonwealth of San Marino began by the framing of some laws as was done in the democratic cities of Greece, and as Addison says: "The Commonwealth of San Marino may boast at least of a nobler origin than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, the other an asylum for persons eminent for piety and devotion."

In traveling from Rimini to San Marino, one reaches the boundary of the little Republic ten miles from Rimini, then the town of Serravalle is reached from which a very steep, winding road leads to Lower San Marino, the aristocratic and commercial center of the little Republic. This part of the capital lies at the base of cliffs, on that side perfectly perpendicular several hundred feet, upon the top of which the upper town is perched, while still higher, at the very summit of a dizzy precipice, stands the castle of San Marino. In the upper city are a piazza, five churches, a theater and the council chamber. The inhabitants of this little Republic have a magnificent scene beneath them—the whole valley of Rimini, the Adriatic, and in the clearest weather even distant Dalmatia is visible; but what the citizens mostly prize is their liberty, which has come down as a sacred heritage through sixteen centuries; even the famous Congress of Vienna in 1815 did not interfere with that liberty. As a writer in the Encyclopedia Britannica says: "On the top of a mountain at the outskirts of the Apennines which overlook the sea at Rimini sat Liberty, the queen of a few hundred of citizens, surveying the muddy ocean of Franco-Spanish, Italo-Teutonic despotism, which drowned Italy through all her length and breadth."

The Commonwealth is governed by a Council of Sixty (so called, for the number is variable like the College of Cardinals at Rome). This body, like the ancient Roman Senate combines legislative and higher judicial functions. The executive functions are performed by two Capitaneos chosen every six months. These are like the Roman Consuls in power. For ordinary judicial cases there is a Commissary of Justice and, lest in so small a nation, a native might be swayed by personal feeling, this officer is a foreigner, invited from the courts of some city of Italy and well paid for his services. In addition to these is the National Physician, making a Board of Health of one member.

A MINISTER IN THE PEW.

The minister was pew-hungry. He had been overworking his pulpit and his people. He longed for the liberty of the listener. During sixty-four consecutive weeks he had attended every service that had been held in his own church, and in that time had preached to about the same congregation one hundred and twenty sermons. Pastor and people were in perfect agreement when at a business meeting of the church a deacon earnestly advocated a change—for one month.

"We want you to get out of this valley, and stay out, for four weeks," said the deacon, addressing the minister. "You may pray for us once in a while if you want to, but otherwise drop us entirely from the first day of August to the last day of August. Then come back and pick us up again."

The minister began his travels as soon as possible after the last Sunday in July. He went out singing with Wilhelm Meister:

"To give men room to wander in it,
Therefore is the world so wide."

"Mr. Longfellow says, 'To stay at home is best,' but "for Wilhelm and not for Henry, this summer," he remarked to his inner self, as he turned his back on his parsonage.

Now this minister was cut off the same piece of cloth as the father of Dr. Campbell Morgan. Dr. Morgan says: "I never remember my father seeking recreation in any other form than that of listening to preaching."

"I'll go to the city," said our minister, "and I'll plunge recklessly into all sorts of religious dissipation. I'll go to some kind of religious meeting every night, and I'll go all day long on Sundays, and I'll just listen and listen and listen, and not say a word. I am so tired of my own voice I don't want to hear it again for a month."

The first night out he found no church door that was open, so he dropped into the meeting of the Union Rescue Mission. He had just been reading in the Sunday School Times, Charles Trumbull's story of the rescue of Edward C. Mercer at the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York, and his appetite was whetted for a taste of rescue work. If any poor, drunken Ed Mercer had come to this mission meeting that night he would have met with big hearts and warm hands, and all that brotherly love, steeped in devotion to the Master, could provide for him; but no needy prodigal seemed to have found the way to the meeting that night. There were about forty people present, most of them of the fold, many of them good, motherly-looking women.

A clean, lovable young fellow led the vociferous song service, and had general charge of the meeting. At the piano sat a man who was meteoric in his musical performances. He played the hymns all over the piano, and never struck a false note. There was "Sunshine All Along the Way," with variations that flashed, and gleamed, and glowed, and sparkled, and scintillated, and twinkled, and then burst and did it all over again. That pianist was a past-master in runs, and trills, and thrills, and such like extravagances. Our minister was made of the stuff that prefers culture and quietness to cheapness and clatter—he would rather read "The Atlantic Monthly" than any other in the entire list of monthly magazines—but he had found in a somewhat varied experience as a student of human beings that there are not so many of the "Atlantic Monthly" sort of folks in this world as of some other

sorts. They seem to have found that out at the news-stands, too. It dropped in among his observations as he walked the streets of the city, and paused hungrily before every show of current literature that the news-men spread so temptingly at their doorways. The "Atlantics" were never piled high. It was only a few of the larger establistments that carried it at all.

"It is too bad that everybody's taste is not just like mine," thought the minister, "but as it is not I am glad there is an 'Everybody's' and some other folk's magazine for those who prefer the cheaper diet. May heaven's blessing rest on the other fellow and draw him up to the 'Atlantic' standard as soon as possible, thus hastening the millennium."

And it was in this spirit of good-will that he had gone to that Rescue Mission meeting. From beginning to end the manner of the meeting was distasteful to him, but the matter was just the same matter that he had been trying to press upon his audiences for many years. And probably the "Mission" men had been the more successful preachers of the gospel.

After the pyrotechnical song service the speaker of the evening was introduced. He was an elderly evangelist, full of fire, assurance, Bible stories and crippled grammar. The minister liked him, for all his crudeness. He was a preacher of the truth in the language of the commonest of the common people, and the minister was thankful there are such as he to give the message to the multitudes that would never receive it in terms of carefulness and culture.

"Life is just what we make it," said he, "and we ought to be making it a conquering life. Jesus Christ is the greatest conqueror the world has ever had, and he'll show us how if we'll just let him." And then the good man brought forth from the Sacred Records story after story to prove our Lord's "conquering power" over temptation, disease, hunger, the elements. "He even conquered impossibilities," cried the evangelist, "for he walked on water."

The minister went out from that meeting communing thus with himself: "God bless the men who are engaged in this work, and spread their spirit of common sense among a multitude of religious faddists who speak with Athenian precision but without the vision of these babes."

The next afternoon the minister found himself unexpectedly in the hands of friends at Long Beach, who said, "You must not go back to the city until you have heard the great man at the Baptist Assembly, Dr. W. H. Geistweit, of Peoria, Illinois. He speaks here tonight for the last time." The minister "stayed over," heard Dr. Geistweit, and then took a late car back to the city.

Dr. Geistwe't was announced to speak on "The World's too, but of a different grade from that of the Rescue Mission workers. A higher grade? Possibly. One is cultured earnestness, the other is earnestness in the raw, and both are needed to catch the attention of people in the great social mix-up.

Dr. Geistfeit was announced to speak on "The World's Last Experiment." "We are learning the fine art of living together," he said. "The world's greatest problems have always been governmental." And he traced the history of government from the paternal form through the tribal, the clan, the government by might, the aristocracy, to the monarchy. "But now the divine right of kings is seen to be a fiction. Monarchy has gone to seed. And now we have come to the last experiment which the world can make as we face the problems of democracy. The last reserve has been called in. If it fails there is nothing left but anarchy. America is seeking to solve the last great problem of human government. As goes America, so goes the world. If we fail, behind us is the flood.

"But essential democracy does not mean personal liberty. Essential democracy is relationship. How shall we live together? If every man does as he pleases what shall become of the rest of us? 'No man liveth unto himself.' Every man must learn to so control himself as to benefit his neighbor. Robinson Crusoe alone on his island might with some degree of sense talk of personal liberty. But there came a day when that sort of thing had to stop. It was the day he found the footprint of another man in the sand. All the people are kings in the kingdom of democracy, but every king must learn to wield his scepter with intelligence and love."

ing franchises that should be withheld until they are earned. No man should be admitted to the privileges of the democracy who cannot understand its language. It is wrong to allow any man to vote in Greek when the language of this country is not Greek but English. The Fifteenth Amendment was a great mistake. But what is right for the negro is right for the white man. Any man ought to wait before voting until he is intelligent enough to vote. There should be something more than the age test. Citizenship must increase in value."

Just here the call of the car drew the minister out of the Assembly room; but he went with a good taste in his mouth. It was worth going a long way just to hear a man with power over great audiences utter that last sentence: "Citizenship must increase in value."

Los Angeles, August 4, 1910.

CLOSING OF THE YEAR OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

The books of the treasurer of the American Board will close in Boston August 31st. The books of the Pacific Coast secretary should close August 25th to enable the report to reach the Boston office in time for entry in this year's records. Contributions unavoidably delayed will be forwarded by night letter telegram as late as August 30th. The secretary most earnestly requests pastors or church treasurers to forward **at once** all funds intended for the cause of Foreign Missions.

One of the goals set for this Centennial year was a contribution from **every** Congregational Church. The list of non-contributors grows smaller every day, but there is a consideable number not yet heard from. Will not all the churches which adopted the Apportionment Plan late in the year, and whose contributions have only recently begun by the weekly or monthly envelope, send some part of their apportionment for the American Board at once, even if only a small part, so that they may be on the red-letter list of contributors.

Would it not be a particularly appropriate expression of loyalty to the Master and the Kingdom this Centennial year for every Congregational pastor to send some personal offering for this cause, and so make an unbroken line of

support of these workers in the home land for that heroic firing line in our foreign field? The secretary will be glad to receive and forward such offerings.

The latest word from Secretary Patton is one of great urgency to every friend of the cause to come to the help of the Board in these last weeks of its financial year. We must crystallize Centennial sentiment into many Centennial dollars before August 31st, if we are to have any Centennial rejoicing at our annual meeting in October.

H. MELVILLE TENNEY,
Room 815 Mechanics Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Sutter 1354.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The pastor, Rev. J. A Cull, and Mrs. Cull, are away on their vacation at Laguir as.

Oakland, First.—Thirty new members were rec ved at the last communion. Sixteen came by letter from he Second Congregational church, West Oakland, which has lately d sbanded. The members there felt unable to carry the burden any longer and not desiring to hold property which was not being used in the largest way for the good of the kingdom, conveyed the church property to the Trustees of the First church, to be sold by them and the proceeds to be applied to some other Congregational enterprise in Oakland. The fact that the people of the First church had contributed over $4,000 in recent years, for the improvement of the property of the Second Church, encouraged this action. It is believed that this will be for the good of the denomination in Oakland. This brings the present membership of the First church to something over 1900 members. The church reaches its fiftieth anniversary next December, which will be appropriately celebrated.

Eureka.—The Congregational church was the scene of an unusual meeting Sunday night, August 7th, when a great concourse of people gathered to protest against the action of the City Council in passing a new liquor ordinance. The provisions of the new ordinance gave singularly wide liberty to the saloon-keepers. It was passed by a majority of the Council and waited only the signature of the mayor. The pastor of our church, Rev. H. E. Banham, with the pastor of the Presbyterian church, took the matter up with the result that 700 people were packed in the Congregational church to protest; at least 150 people were turned away unable to get so much as standing room. On the platform were twenty prominent business men of the city. Addresses were made by E. G. Swift, manager of the Sperry Flour Co., J. E. Neighbor, manager of the Boyside Mill, Attorneys A. J. Munroe, and H. L. Ford, Geo. Keeling, editor of the "Labor News," Councilman McDaniels, O. Neilsen and C. Jensen, prominent grocers of the city. Indignation and enthusiasm were at white heat. A committee of five business men was appointed at the close of the meeting to carry to the mayor a resolution demanding he veto the ordinance. The committee waited on the mayor the following day, with the result it is fully expected that the forces for city betterment will score a big victory.

Los Angeles, First.—Since Dr. Day left this city for his European trip the Sunday services have continued without any omission and the Wednesday evening prayer-meetings have been well attended. On June 5th, President Blaisdell made an eloquent plea for Pomona College from the words, "They seek a better country." The evening of Children's Day Dr. Francis, pastor of a Congregational church in Chicago, gave an address on "Oxford; Its Glories and Its Stories," with many beautiful stereopticon illustrations. Dr. Francis speaks of that which he knews as his father has been connected with the college for forty years. Our ever-welcome neighbor, Dr. J. H. Williams of Redlands preached two Sundays, giving stereopticon illustrations one of the evenings. Dr. C. A. Vincent of the Immanuel Congregational church, Walnut avenue, Boston, preached the three following Sundays. He found many old friends and made new ones. Dr. Turk of Natick, Mass., preached two Sundays. His evening addresses were most interesting lectures on "Albania, the Land of the Eagle People," with many beautiiful stereopticon illustrations from films that he took himself during a horseback tour of several months through that picturesque country. The twilight communion was observed August 7th when nine persons were received into the church. After August 7th the auditorium will be closed for renovations. Sunday morning services will be held in the Parish building auditorium. Instead of the evening services the people are invited to the young people's services. It is hoped the renovations will be completed by September 1st. At the midweek services the journeys of our pastor and Mrs. Day are traced on the map, so that we may follow them in our thoughts.

Alameda, First.—One of the most delightful and interesting receptions ever given in the history of this church was that of last Thursday evening, to Rev. Chas. L. Mears, the new pastor, and his wife. Over 300 church people, business men and ministers thronged the spacious parlors and extended the hand of fellowship to Mr. Mears, and also to Mrs. Mears, who stood by her husband during the earlier part of the evening, receiving jointly with him the good wishes of the large company. An especially fine musical program, arranged by Ernest McCandlish, was rendered before the guests were invited to the banquet hall, where beautifully decorated tables, laden with good things, were in waiting. Mr. Vernon L. Tenney called the assemblage to order around the tables and asked Rev. Dr. Pond to offer prayer, which he did most heartily and appropriately. Following the banquet, Mr. J. E. Warren, the toastmaster of the evening, called upon the speakers, who were the Rev. Chas. R. Brown of Oakland; Profs. C. S. Nash and Geo. D. Castor of the Pacific Theological Seminary of Berkeley; Rev. Geo. H. Dekay of Berkeley; Rev. Wilsie M. Martin of First M. E. church, Alameda; Mr. Geo. W. Shreve, representing the Presbyterian church of Alameda; and Surveyor-General Mathew Kyle of Nevada, an old friend of Mr. Mears, who by chance saw the notice of the reception in a daily paper and was happy to be present. All of these gave their own personal greetings and best wishes of the churches they represented. We quote from Rev. C. R. Brown, who said in part: "This

is a most auspicious beginning; I might say, in reference to your new pastor, that all of the white fighting men of Reno have not been vanquished by men of color. I predict that Mr. Mears will have a splendid influence in Alameda and that he will be a great ally for civic good." Rev. Mr. Martin expressed himself as follows: "I come with the congratulations and good wishes of my congregation and myself. You have the plant, the man and the workers, and it would seem as if your full noon-day was at hand. I want to congratulate Mr. Mears upon coming to a loyal church. I have been surprised and pleased to observe how well this congregation, without a pastor for seven months, has held together." Mr. Mears was the last speaker. He said: "I would be forever bankrupt for words if I attempted to express the gratitude which is in my heart for this reception. I have been living on the sunshine side of life since coming here. I felt sorry to leave Reno, for Nevada has some of the finest men and noblest women anywhere in the world. In Nevada they live in the open, but I want to say now that I am glad to be here and that I am going to do my best. I thank you for this reception, both for myself and for Mrs. Mears." The exercises were closed with the benediction by the new pastor. Letters were read from Dr. Geo. C. Adams and Rev. L. P. Briggs of San Francisco, Dr. J. K. McLean, President of the Pacific Theological Seminary, Rev. L. P. Russell of the Baptist church of Alameda, and several others, expressing regret at not being able to be present. J. E. W.

MINISTERS' MONDAY MEETING.

Those present last Monday morning listened with interest to a talk by Rev. A. W. Hare of Eagle Rock, upon religious conditions in Southern California. The "Federation of Churches" and the "Y. M. C. A." were stated by the speaker to be important factors in moulding the religious life of Los Angeles. The address was followed by a spirited conversation, in which Mr. Hare proved himself by his answers to questions, a careful observer of various religious movements in the South.

Rev. Miles B. Fisher introduced Rev. Huber Burr, late of Weaverville, as his newly appointed associate in the State's Sunday school work. Mr. Burr was invited to address the meeting next Monday.

OLD ORGAN TO BE RE-DEDICATED.

Plymouth Church, Oakland, is to re-dedicate its organ next Sunday evening, August 21st. The organ is a historic instrument in California Congregationalism. It was brought around the Horn early in the 50's and was the first pipe organ of the First Congregational church of San Francisco. It has recently been rebuilt by Plymouth church at a cost of $1,300, and is now thoroughly modern in its working parts, having an electric motor, sliding tablet stops and pneumatic action. The services of re-dedication will include a number of musical numbers and an address on "Early Days in California," by Mr. E. P. Flint. There is also special interest in the fact that the organ numbers will be played by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, who has been the organist of the First church in San Francisco for thirty-seven years, beginning his long service in that church by playing the organ which he will assist to re-dedicate next Sunday night.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The State of Oregon is now in mouring because of the death of her best-known citizen, Harvey Whitfield Scott, editor of The Oregonian for forty years. He died in Baltimore August 7th, as a result of an operation. Always a robust man, never knowing what it was to be sick, it did not seem at all probable that an operation would suddenly end his most useful and nation-wide career. Mr. Scott was born in Tazewell county, Illinois, February 1, 1838, on a farm. His ancestry was Scotch. With his parents he came to Oregon across the plains in 1852. His mother died on the plains, and lies in a nameless grave alongside of the "Oregon Trail." As a youth he was a great reader. During the Yakima Indian War in Oregon and Washington, in 1855-56, he was a volunteer soldier for nine months. Then he determined to secure an education. To that end he performed all kinds of manual labor, much of the time for a scant wage. At length he entered Pacific University, Forest Grove. The President at that time was Rev. Sidney Marsh, D.D. From the first he took great interest in the young roughly clad student, and the latter responded to the full extent of his strong and self-reliant nature. In classical studies Mr. Scott was alone; he was graduated alone—in 1863, the first of Pacific University; and in respect to his mental endowments he remained practically alone to the end. One minister said of Mr. Scott today, "If he was the only product of Pacific University up to the present time, he alone was worth all it has cost to maintain it." Able, scholarly men we have had in this State by the thousands; but none attained the high level occupied by Mr. Scott, and he wholly, without ostentation. In the fierce conflicts of life sometimes he exhibited great passion; but the whirlwind soon passed by, and he became as tender as a child. But woe-betide the person who crossed his way when the tempest was on. And yet he was a most likeable man. My acquaintance with Mr. Scott began early in 1865, as I was a compositor upon the Oregonian then. And in all the years since our relations have been very friendly. And now that he has passed on, the sense of personal loss is, indeed, very great—yes, unspeakable.

He became a member of the Congregational church at Forest Grove while there as a student. He united with the First Congregational church of Portland by letter on January 7, 1866, when Rev. George H. Atkinson, D.D., was pastor. For a number of years he was a regular attendant. After Dr. Atkinson's pastorate ceased, December 31, 1872, he gradually drew away, and finally dropped out of the church without assigning any reason other than a lack of sympathy with some of the teachings of the church. For all that, however, he was a profound student of the Bible. It was the Book of all the world to him. And Shakespeare was the next.

The personality of Mr. Scott was most striking. He was great in stature, great in individuality, great in intensity. He was always a positive force, and mainly in the right direction. He had the world's history—all phases of it—from the beginning of recorded time at his instantaneous command. This wealth of resource made him seem self-important and dogmatic at times to those who knew him not. Upon acquaintance with his inner life and general view-points this feeling vanished.

The Atkinson Memorial, the new Congregational church of this city, will be under the pastoral care of Rev. Herbert G. Crocker, formerly assistant to Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D., of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Crocker is en route west, visiting friends by the way, and expects to arrive in Portland about September 15th.

The church at Gaston has called Rev. Hubert G. Adams, of Columbia, South Dakota. He has accepted and will begin his work about September 1st. This church has for years been looking forward to the time when it could have a resident pastor. Mr. Adams is regarded very highly by those who know him, and the church is prepared to give him a most cordial greeting and will enter the new relation in a very hopeful spirit.

Rev. W. L. Upshaw, who has been supplying the church at Scappoose for more than a year, closed his work there on July 1st, and it is expected that he will go to the Hoodview church, near Wilsonville. Rev. Vernon Cook conducted successful meetings for several weeks in July. Rev. Mr. Lewis, late of White Salmon, Washington, will soon begin regular work at Scappoose.

Rev. D. V. Poling, who has been pastor of The Dalles church for the past thirteen years, tendered his resignation a few weeks ago. Much opposition to its acceptance being manifested, he was prevailed upon to withdraw it. Consequently he will continue to serve that church for an indefinite period.

The summer evangelistic campaign in the interest of the church at Forest Grove, conducted by Rev. Geo. E. Paddack, D.D., of the Hassalo Street church, Portland, assisted by Rev. D. T. Thmoas, resident pastor, closed last Friday. The services were held in a large tent which was always filled to its fullest capacity.

Rev. Frank W. Whitham has been supplying the church at Sheridan for the summer months.

The church at Ashland is without a pastor now, as Rev. Edward F. Green, who gave excellent service for several years, and his family, have gone to North Carolina to enter the service of the American Missionary Association. Mrs. Green is an excellent musician, and in this capacity has rendered her husband most excellent service. The field of labor that he is going to is not a new one. He came from that part of the country to Oregon in 1903, and began serving the church in Corvallis at that time and continued for the following two years, when he went to Ashland. Rev. Mr. Price of Illinois will soon assume the pastorate at Ashland.

Conditions at Corvallis have been greatly changed for the better during the past few months. The State Home Missionary Board conducted services during June and July. Now the church is ready to call a pastor. This is an important field, and it is hoped that the right man will soon be found. He should be a man who has special qualifications for working among people, as there is a large number of students in that place who go thither to attend the State Agricultural College.

Rev. Mr. Harris, of Streator, Ill., has been called by the Riverside church, Hood River. He has accepted the call and will begin work there very soon.

Since the resignation of Rev. Arthur J. Folsom as Home Missionary Superintendent last April, Rev. E. S. Bollinger of Highland church, this city, has been the Acting Superintendent. During two months of this time Rev. W. G. Olinger supplied Mr. Bollinger's pulpit very acceptably. Mr. Bollinger returned to his own work about the middle of July, and pending the appointment of a State Superintendent has turned over the necessary field work to Rev. Daniel Staver, while he will endeavor to keep up the correspondence.

Mr. Gordon A. Clapp, son of Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, who has given excellent service to some of the churches as a licentiate, is now taking a medical course at the University of California, Berkeley.

Prof. A. C. Boggess, Professor of History in Pacific University, Forest Grove, resigned a few weeks ago, and with his wife will leave tomorrow for Lucknow, India, where he will teach in the Reid Christian College.

Dr. Luella Clay Carson, President of Mills College, has been spending several weeks of her vacation here among relatives and old friends. She returned to California on August 9th. It is believed that her presence here for the past few weeks will result in adding a considerable number of additional students to the College from this locality.

Portland, August 14, 1910.

JOTTINGS AMONG THE MISSIONS.

Welcoming Pastors.

That was a fine occasion finely conceived and finely wrought out, by which our church in Alameda, on Thursday evening, August 11, welcomed its new pastor, Rev. C. L. Mears. A counterpart to it occurred on the Tuesday evening preceding when the Chinese Congregational church in San Francisco welcomed to its pastorate one of its own members, Mr. Chin Toy. There was in both these socials the same heartiness,—the same joy—and in both the gem of the occasion was the pastor's responses to the many good things said. Both of these were modest, reverent, self-distrustful but strong in the Lord and hopeful. Thus, on both occasions, the feast of reason and flow of soul was accompanied with refreshment for the flesh; and if in the Alameda case a goodly attendance of ministers appeared, "as," said Prof. Nash, "they are apt to appear where there is something good to eat," in the other case the absence of visiting ministers was atoned for by a houseful of other people. However the Chinese pastors in the city were there with only one exception, and that with good excuse—"he was elsewhere preaching the gospel." I am not quite sure whether I have spoken in the Pacific before concerning Mr. Chin Toy. If I have done so, those who remember it will excuse a repetition. He has been active in our work for thirty years or more; for several years a missionary helper in San Diego, Fresno and Sacramento. He has done good work wherever he has wrought, and is remembered with respect and affection. God wrought with and through him for the salvation of his countrymen. Among those thus led to Christ I may speak of one who was fast sinking to the utmost depths of Chinese vice and degradation, but became one of the most useful evangelists, Mr. Ng Roy. I have heard him tell how he undertook to find out all that there was for him in gambling, in opium, in whatever self-indulgence he saw others supposedly enjoying. And it was

when he found himself thus brought to the brink of ruin that Chin Toy spoke to him on a street of Fresno, invited him to the mission school and there pointed him to the Lamb of God. Reaction from the former evil courses made him among his brethren a Puritan of the Puritans, with something of supposedly Puritan austerity as well as Puritan staunchness and devotion. He is now in China doing fine gospel work.

I believe that Mr. Chin Toy will not only occupy but fill the position made vacant when God called higher our brother Jee Gam. Already he is wisely planning advances in the work of our church and our mission, and the service which was unavoidably crippled to some extent during Jee Gam's long sickness is taking on even more than the old-time vigor and hopefulness.

An Ordination.

Our Japanese church in San Francisco has called an Ecclesiastical council to meet at our mission house on Thursday, August 18th, for the ordination of Mr. A. Suyehiro, who has been its acting pastor for about two years. I do not forget that this event will be past when this item reaches its readers. I refer to it fearing that a crowd of other duties will prevent a report of it next week. Mr. Suyehiro graduated at our Seminary this year, pursuing study there while ministering to this flock with a good measure of success.

A Practical Comment on Luke 14:13-14.

It has become one of the regular annual recreations and benefactions of our Congregational sisterhood in Los Angeles to give an outing to Chinese mothers and children. Our veteran worker, Mrs. E. M. Findlay, started the custom and her energy and tact have made it an institution—remembered and anticipated from year to year both by those who give and those who receive the benefaction. Mrs. Findlay describes the last one as follows: "Our picnic was a great success in every particular. More than 150 Chinese women and children were out, sickness preventing some others. All prejudice seems to have worn away, and all are anxious to go. We had automobiles to convey them to the street car (a special) and went to East Lake park. A very nice lunch, including ice cream, was provided, and every moment of the very hot day was a happy one.

"They left the park for home as they wished. No time had been fixed as heretofore at which all must go together, and many lingered until darkness fell, and in the cool of the evening enjoyed visits with friends whom they had not seen for months. Not a single accident has ever marred the pleasure of these outings. With so many little ones attending this is wonderful. A special loving care seems to be over these little ones. Ten young ladies from the Philathea class of the First church, served at luncheon and assisted materially with the children. It was a fine lesson for them in missionary work at home. The ladies of our churches welcome the opportunity of ministering to these least ones, and spare no pains nor effort in so doing. When contributions were asked for from our ladies at the All Day meeting the responses came faster than the names could be written. A by-product over which my heart rejoices is the good fellowship which it nurtures among the ladies of our several churches."

When will the ladies of our San Francisco churches go and do likewise? The opportunity is vastly greater, and the good results would be larger in proportion.

W. C. P.

WHAT DO CHILDREN THINK ABOUT GOD?

Bertha Saunier.

Children love a secret, a dark design, or a deep plot, and parents are wont to appropriate this fact in uses that are wise and sweet, and, alas! in ways also that are otherwise. Usually and naturally, unless the "bogie man" is interposed as one means of government, the knowledge of God is the first awful mystery that enters into the child thought, and awakens the latent wisdom that was woven into the young soul when it was created. The sense of his being is stamped upon the spirit or life of all created things.

"I knew about God before you told me," said one of these child princes, born to the purple of God's kingdom. And the mother, looking into the pure, clear eyes upraised to hers, did not doubt it.

But not always are children as frank and clear-headed in their ideas as this little boy. Oftener they turn their ideas over in silence, and give them many a quaint and unlooked-for mien, that finally finds expression in some startling speech that horrifies the staid ideas of their elders.

One little boy had been carefully told about the good Father who cares for us all, to whom we are all to go when the body shall be laid aside. After a thoughtful season, in which the seed of truth was surely germinating, the boy began to look about with a desire to confer upon some one or something the good benefits of which he was so lately the wiser. He was seen watching the flight of a house-fly from place to place on the wall of the room. Finally it settled within reach of his hand.

"Little fly," he said, in soft, persuasive tones, "do you want to go to God?" Aud, putting out his finger, he crushed the fly, and said, "Go then!"

Another, having been told that God liked to have little boys love him, added these sweet words to his evening prayer: "I love you, God, but I can't always do what pleases you,"—a meekness that at another time had no prospect of show when loud tones of command were used with considerable gusto. Darkness was about his home, though within was brightness and cheer, but the child seemed to be impressed with a need of protection. Running to the window, he looked up into the deep heavens, and shouted, "God, God! come down and bless papa and mama."

Now, at such an outburst, sacrilege is the first thought that enters our mind. There is a quick desire to force the child into his proper position with regard to the Creator. But, truth to tell, there is in reality no irreverence in the hearts of these young priests who are making their first offerings. They should not meet with severity. A little patience, a few loving questions, will lay bare the line of thought that preceded the outburst, and will prove that the inner sanctuary of the young soul is as pure as a pearl. To misjudge a child at any time is barbarous. To understand him is a duty divine that brings its own peaceful reward.

Thoughtful children form whole ideas out of imperfect fabrics, and shield the clue to their origin with a cloak of shyness.

Frankie played daily with brother and sisters, sharing with them many delightful secrets, but not to them did he express his first idea of God. As he was one day walking with his mother, they approached a deserted building. It was a time-worn dwelling-house, with broken walls and ghastly windows,—empty and awful in its shattered state, and the child clutched the motherly skirts and drew back as he whispered, in accerts of fear: "Don't don't go by there, mama! It's God's house; it's God's house!"

The mother never knew why he had conceived so weird an idea of his best Friend, for he had been carefully taught; but perhaps the natural awe and fear had quietly connected itself with the old house as the only object within his small range as fitting to his impression of God.

Sometimes along with fear is linked a feeling of resentment that this all-powerful Being is ever present and always watchful, and from whom there can be no secret hidden deed. And, though he may be greatly adored because a deep and sacred mystery, yet often, in odd moments, so much prescience is ill taken, as in the case of the little girl who, upon venturing to seek her own particular retreat, found her faithful dog following closely behind. Vexed already with the haunting thought of the all-seeing Eye, she turned squarely about and said: "You go back, Towser, It's bad enough to have God tagging me all the time. You can just go back."

Another child had come under outside influences—that is, influences outside of her home—in which she had gained an idea of God's commands, as well as his care. She attended a young men's meeting, where the theme was again and again dwelt upon: "Fear God, fear God!"

Now, the commands of the Creator were as important to this little five-year-old as were the needs of life in general—neither one amounted to shucks. Life itself were a trifle compared to a great and exciting calamity such as would follow the breaking of one of these commands. And so, with a delightful disaster in view, and with defiance in her foolish little heart, she set about to build an altar. She gathered sticks and shavings, and piled them high, wondering, as she scraped the ground clean about it, if it were possible to purloin a match from the safe in the kitchen. Deciding to forgo this risk, she without delay folded her hands, and fell down before the altar of wooden shapes, and, to the best of her knowledge, worshiped it. Then she waited for the visitation of wrath and vengeance that she believed to be imminent. Of course, she waited in vain, and gradually doubts crept in, and other matters of livelier interest drew her away.

In the main, however, aside from an occasional season of resentment or defiance, children have a thoroughly pervading fear of God. Parents teach it, playmates instil it, and their own love and dread of a wondrous mystery foster it. Parents do not always realize that to the little child they of themselves are terrible, both in power and proportions—a sort of high sovereignty that reigns over child life with absolute might, and that may, or may not, be cajoled by coy manners or winsome smiles, or by divers howlings and bawlings. Still less do they realize that, fearful as they of themselves may appear, knowledge of another Power even greater and more mighty, and terrible because unseen, is apt to produce a despair born of utter hopelessness. It is well that God himself watches over the lambs, and turns the tide in their own favor, as in the case of the little girl whose mother dutifully trained her in the worn tracks pressed both by herself and her foremothers. The child knew the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, many sacred hymns, and, of course, the evening prayer. To her child mind all this was monotony, dry and sear, and certain misunderstandings in the Catechism were ,to her imaginative mind, horrible possibilities.

Life, anyway, was dull at the best, so she calmly planned an adventure. She planned to go to bed without saying her prayers. Like the little girl at her altar of shavings, she reckoned with hopeful expectancy on the consequences. But she too waited vainly. Neither did the heavens fall, nor the roof tumble in over her small person, steeled and ready, under the patchwork covers.

Outside, the desolate little prayers were shivering with neglect. She fancied them standing on the accustomed spot on the carpet, alone in the darkness. The voices of the family below rose to her ears—father, aunt, mother and sisters. If nothing really were to happen, neither would these come rushing up the stairs in a panic of alarm. And nothing did happen. We can fancy God's smile of tenderness bending over his stray litle wilful lamb, but not his anger.

At length the suspense grew too tense for this wee sinner. This open neglect of duty,—it certainly was a troublous and difficult affair. Something really seemed to crush in her chest as she lay awaiting that other calamity.

For some moments she lay breathing shortly. Then her feet moved slowl toward the edge of the bed. She breathed easier. Softly she followed the repentant feet, and at last knelt, and once more embraced those forlorn little prayers.

Saying nothing of the true price of sin, which is self-condemnation, here typified, we can easily surmise that, with this little girl, God made the matter a turning-point in her life. Here was the first throb of the moral sense in its awakening to determine right from wrong, and the decision in favor of duty, made thus independently, threw the jewel in the right side of the balance, and made a milestone in her life.

The Home.

THE BLUE PITCHER.

By Harriet Lummis Smith.

When Hulda unpacked her trunk, after her visit to the city, her mother looked surprised. "I declare, Hulda," she said, "if I'd been going to buy dishes, I'd have bought something new and up-to-date. Why—my mother had a pitcher that was the image of that."

"Yes, I know," nodded Hulda. "I bought it because it made me think of grandma's pitcher. I was a little bit of a girl when it got broken. One of the cats was stealing cream." She placed the pitcher on the mahogany sideboard and drew back to survey her purchase. "I think it looks real nice," she exclaimed.

"It does so." Mrs. Wylie acknowledged. "They seem to belong together, as you might say. I suppose that's because they're both old. At least the sideboard is, and the pitcher looks that way."

"It only cost twenty-nine cents," said Hulda. "Aunt Ernestine took me to a place where there were thousands of them, I guess. They were marked down from forty cents," she added proudly. "So it was quite a bargain."

The blue pitcher was an old story in the household when the summer came, and with it Miss Pendleton. Most of the farm houses in the vicinity had at least one boarder duruing the summer months, and Mrs. Wylie's big, airy front room, the wide porch which extended around the three sides of the house, and the stately maples bordering the drive, all possessed an undeniable fascination for city people. Miss Pendleton was delighted with them all. But it took the blue pitcher to kindle her enthusiasm.

When Hulda carried up a pitcher of cold water the first evening of her stay Miss Pendleton uttered an exclamation and dropped her magazine.

"Why, you dear careless girl," she cried. "To think of using that lovely old-fashioned pitcher for every day. Suppose I should break it! What would you think then?" She took the pitcher up, turning it from side to side, and did not seem to mind when she splashed a little spring water over her pretty gown. "I suppose your mother prizes this very highly," she observed.

"It belongs to me," said Hulda. It was on the tip of her tongue to add that she had bought it in the very city that was Miss Pendleton's home, and had paid twenty-nine cents for it. But Hulda was rather shy with strangers and so the moment passed for making her confidence.

"Beautiful, beautiful," murmured Miss Pendleton, seeming to forget Hulda for a moment. Then she looked up, adjusting her glasses. "Has your mother much old-fashioned china?"

"She used to have," replied Hulda, "but we don't have any now. There were a good many children, you see, before the others grew up and went away, and there were lots of cats and dogs, too, so that dishes were always getting broken."

Miss Pendleton sighed, as if this were very bad news indeed. "But the pitcher is left," she said, "and you are its fortunate owner." She poured a glass of water and sipped it with relish, as if the blue pitcher had imparted to it a delicate flavor.

Just how it came about Hulda hardly knew. She certainly had no idea of trying to deceive Miss Pendleton in the beginning, and yet as the days went by, she found that she was giving countenance to the city lady's assumption that the blue pitcher was a family heirloom. It did not take her long to discover that Miss Pendleton considered herself an authority on such matters, and Hulda realized that an explanation would be embarrassing to them both If she had taken her mother into her confidence, Mrs. Wylie's sturdy good sense would undoubtedly have been equal to the emergency, but Hulda did not see the possibility of making a third person understand how simply it all had come about. At any moment, she realized, the truth might come out. If Miss Pendleton should mention the blue pitcher to Mrs. Wylie, explanations were sure to follow. Hulda's mother found it hard to understand the girl's nervousness that summer, and her brusque, almost unmannerly way of changing the subject of a conversation.

Hulda herself wished, with all her heart, that her twenty-nine cents were back in her pocket and the blue pitcher in the department store where she saw it first. She wished that the pitcher had been broken before Miss Pendleton's arrival. She reached at last an equally useless wish that she had been frank at the start. Ten words that first evening would have saved the necessity for all these disquieting thoughts. Hulda was sure she should know better another time.

One evening as she carried Miss Pendleton the pitcher of water, she found the lights turned low in the room and the moonlight flooding it. Miss Pendleton sat by the window and she called Hulda to look out on the silvery, serene night. "The breeze is quite cool, isn't it?" said Miss Pendleton. "If I am to sit here long, I believe I shall need a wrap."

She moved away, and a moment later Hulda heard a crash and a cry. She turned quickly. The blue pitcher was in fragments on the floor, and Miss Pendleton was gazing at them, horror-stricken.

Before Hulda could find her voice to say that it did not matter, Miss Pendleton had spoken, "O Hulda, you are to blame," she cried; "you set it too near the edge of the table."

"Yes, it was my fault," Hulda agreed readily. "Don't mind, Miss Pendleton."

"O but I do mind," Miss Pendleton exclaimed despairingly. "What will your mother say?"

Hulda knew only too well what her mother would say. She could almost hear Mrs. Wylie's cheerful voice exclaiming, "Why, don't give yourself another thought about it, Miss Pendleton, it only cost twenty-nine cents. Hulda bought it when she visited her aunt in the city." That would not do. Hulda sighed, and took another step in the wrong direction.

"I guess maybe we'd better not tell mamma," she said. "You know the pitcher is mine. And I'll hide the pieces away somewhere."

"But certainly she will miss it immediately."

"I don't believe she will," replied Hulda, "and if she does I'll say I broke it." Her respect for Miss Pendleton was not heightened by the evident relief this suggestion brought, and when the lady crossed the room and kissed her, she felt an odd impulse to shrink away.

Now that the perplexity of the blue pitcher was removed, the summer went on uneventfully. One day, indeed, Mrs. Wylie said to her daughter, "I wonder what's become of that blue pitcher, Hulda?" And when Hulda replied, "It got broken one night when I was taking some water to Miss Pendleton," the subject was dropped. But if Hulda flattered herself that it was safe to forget the matter, she was mistaken. For deception, even when it comes about so gradually that one hardly realizes its true nature, has a way of turning up again at the most unexpected and inopportune times.

The summer came to an end. Miss Pendleton went back to the city, promising to come again another year, and though she kissed Hulda good-bye with an affection which touched the girl, Hulda could not help hoping that

some one else would occupy the spacious front room the following summer. She had a miserable feeling that things would never be quite the same as they were before the affair of the blue pitcher. For the first time in her life there was a shadow between her mother and herself, the shadow of a secret. Vainly she tried to comfort herself by thinking that it was too trivial to matter.

When she came home from school one day a few weeks later, there was a letter for her. "It's got a city postmark," her mother told her briskly. "It isn't your Aunt Ernestine's writing, and I shouldn't wonder if it might be from that Miss Pendleton."

Slowly, but with swift-beating heart, Hulda opened the letter. A slip of blue paper, folded twice, fluttered to the floor, and her mother picked it up and spread it upon her knee. Then she caught her breath.

"Hulda Wylie, it's a check for twenty-five dollars made payable to you. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Read what she says."

Hesitatingly, Hulda obeyed. Her voice, faint and husky at first, cleared and grew stronger as she realized that Miss Pendleton had been on her guard and her secret was safe.

My dear Hulda:

Since my return I have thought often of the many kindnesses you showed me while at your home. I am enclosing a small check which I wish you to spend for something you will thoroughly enjoy, and which I hope is at least a partial discharge of my indebtedness.

Sincerely your friend,

CHARLOTTE ROSS PENDLETON.

"Well, if that isn't kind of her," exclaimed Hulda's mother, beaming. "Talk of indebtedness, when she paid up her bills as prompt as sunrise. I guess she took a great fancy to you, Hulda. You did wait on her nice, though nothing more than any boarder would have a right to expect. That's quite a little fortune, isn't it? Twenty-five dollars. Why, when I was your age——"

But Hulda was no longer listening. She had read between the lines. Miss Pendleton was not showing her appreciation of any kindness she had received from Hulda during the summer. She was paying for the blue pitcher.

All at once the girl realized that she had come to a turning-point. Her deception had started without her realizing it, in shyness and diffidence. Then when she was well enough acquainted to explain, she had grown to take satisfaction in the admiration which Miss Pendleton lavished on the blue pitcher. Later, matters had become so complicated, that every day made it easier to go on along the same path, harder to face about. The slip of blue paper on her mother's knee told her how far she had strayed from safety and right. For to take Miss Pendleton's check was perilously close to dishonesty.

A brown head dropped suddenly into Mrs. Wylie's lap. Hot tears sprinkled her gingham apron. "O mother," a choking voice cried, "O mother! I don't know how I can, but I've got to tell you everything."

It was a long letter that Hulda wrote Miss Pendleton, and its length was not the only reason why it took a long time to write it. Postponing an explanation invariably makes it hard. But when Hulda signed her name, she had one comforting assurance. Whether Miss Pendleton understood the rest or not, she would not fail to comprehend that Hulda Wylie was done with deception forever.

Apparently Miss Pendleton did understand. The letter that came in reply was very womanly and sweet. Indeed, it seemed that she as well as Hulda had learned a lesson.

"I've been ashamed often," Miss Pendleton wrote, "to think I encouraged your hiding the breaking of the pitcher from your mother. And that isn't all. I am afraid I've pretended to a knowledge of many things I know very little about. Old china was only one of a number. I am just as ignorant of art and music, though I have liked to assume the airs of a person who is well-informed. You have one advantage over me, my dear, you have discovered your mistake much earlier than I have done, and you will not have as hard a time in breaking up a bad habit."

Mrs. Wylie read the letter over twice in silence. Then she took off her glasses and polished them vigorously.

"If the pieces of that blue pitcher are around anywhere," said Mrs. Wylie to her daughter, "you bring them to me, and I'll see if I can cement it so that it will stick together, even if it won't hold water. That pitcher wasn't an heirloom, to be sure, but I think, after all that's happened, it had better be."—Churchman.

I WILL.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but will strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser.

THE ROSE-COLORED VIEW.

If you are troubled with the blues to the extent that you think that your worries, vexations, and troubles are worse than any one's else, you just want to wake yourself up with a good shock and take a new grip on yourself, before you become a perpetual pessimist and "grouch."

We find the world as it finds us, and if you look at it through "rose colored glasses," you will find this dear old

planet fairly overflowing with good-natured, cheery-faced folks, who will be glad to see you.

If, however, you become a sour, narrow-minded pessimist, you will find the world has more than its share of cross and disgruntled people, whom you may expect to get abuse from and to abuse.—Exchange.

Our Young People

THE MUMP PARTY.

By Ethel S. Young.

Ruthie was guiding Flora's hand as she wrote. Flora could write almost as well as her little mother. She carefully spelled out "Grandma" on one side of the slip of paper and "Party" on the other. Together they folded the paper and poked it through the key-hole of grand-ma's door. Then Ruthie knocked three times.

"Bless me," cried grandma, "there's the postman. I see I have a letter."

"It's an invitation," explained Ruthie, running with the paper to grandma's chair. "It's a mump party for Flora, because she feels so badly not to go to her cousin Dorothy's real party this afternoon." Flora's throat was tied up in flannel, so was Ruthie's.

"Mump parties are the best kind for lame old ladies," said grandma, with a kiss as thanks for her invitation.

Ruthie flew away to get ready. Back she came with Flora dressed in her prettiest gown. Then came the best tea-set, used only on state occasions.

"We're going to have something very nice because Flora's so disappointed," Ruthie said as she set out the dishes on grandma's table. "There's going to be sugar in milk for tea, and animal crackers!"

"Then I shall have to put on my best black silk apron," decided grandma.

Ruthie gave grandma a little hug and brought the apron. She had on her own best dress and her hair nicely combed. It began to feel like a real party.

"What games does Flora like?" asked grandma when Ruthie at last announced that the party was ready to begin.

"She likes 'What am I thinking of?'" replied Ruthie, glancing at grandma's lame foot. She would not be so impolite as to say tag or hide-and-seek. So, they sat still as mice and guessed what Flora was thinking of for ten minutes, by the clock.

"She'll have to tell us," said grandma, when the clock struck four.

Ruthie jumped up and clapped her hands. "She's thinking it's time for the animal crackers," she cried.

It was queer they had not guessed sooner. Flora had been staring at the heaped-up plate on the table all the while.

Then something happened. The door opened, and in came mamma with a big dish covered with a napkin. A card on the top read, "For the mump party." Under the napkin were little chocolate cakes, macaroons and bonbons. "Something for Flora from Dorothy," said mamma.

Ruthie hopped on one foot with delight, and hugged mamma and grandma and Flora. She poured out the milk tea, and they ate first the animal crackers, then the macaroons and chocolate cakes, and snapped the bonbons.

"Guess what Flora thinks now, grandma," said Ruthie, as she tied a pink bonbon cap on grandma's head. "Don't you know? Why, she thinks mump parties are 'most as good as really ones."

THE ORANGE SECRET.

It was told me by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey, and I am going to tell it here and now to every one, because I never have found an American child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and come so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent, I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big and the other quite small.

"One orange is for you,' I said, "and the other you may carry to Louka. Which one will you give him?

Maritza waited a long while before answering. At any time she would have thought it rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited even longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and over and then the other.

After a little more urging from me, she whispered: "This one.' It was the big one.

Curious to know of the struggle which had made her so long in deciding, I said: "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy."

Maritza dug her stockinged toes into the carpet and twisted her apron hem before she answered.

"Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces and the other eleven. Anna would not like to take six pieces if I had only five."

"You canont see through the orange skin, Maritza, to tell how many pieces there are. How is it you know?" I asked.

Then Maritza told me the orange secret, and this is it:

If you look at the stem-end of an orange you will see the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a little wheel, with spokes going out from the center. If you count the spaces between these spokes you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell as Maritza did how many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as every apple has five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find it is not so. Why not? Well, I do not know. But, perhaps away back in the history of the orange, when it is a flower, or perhaps when it is only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells or makes some of them outgrow the rest. Then the number of cells is mixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was a little green button, just beginning to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange, try to find out its secret before you open it.—Little Folks.

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